

THE STUDENT'S TEN



FEBRUARY 1959

M.B.B.

MY SISTER
DREW THIS
COVER

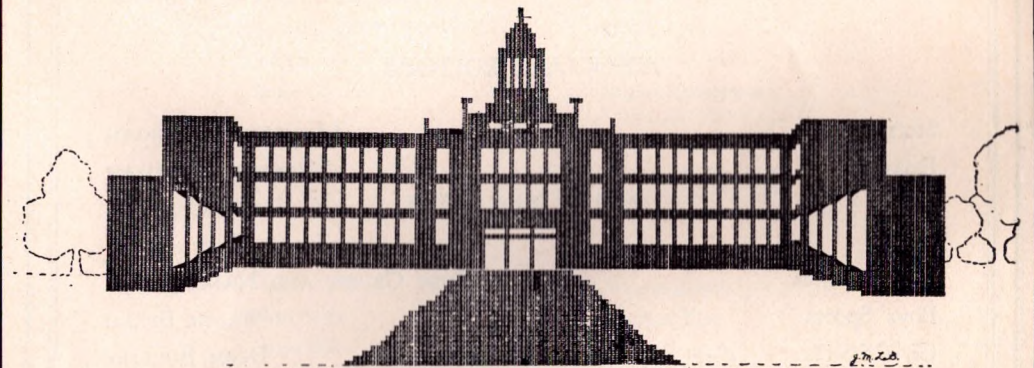
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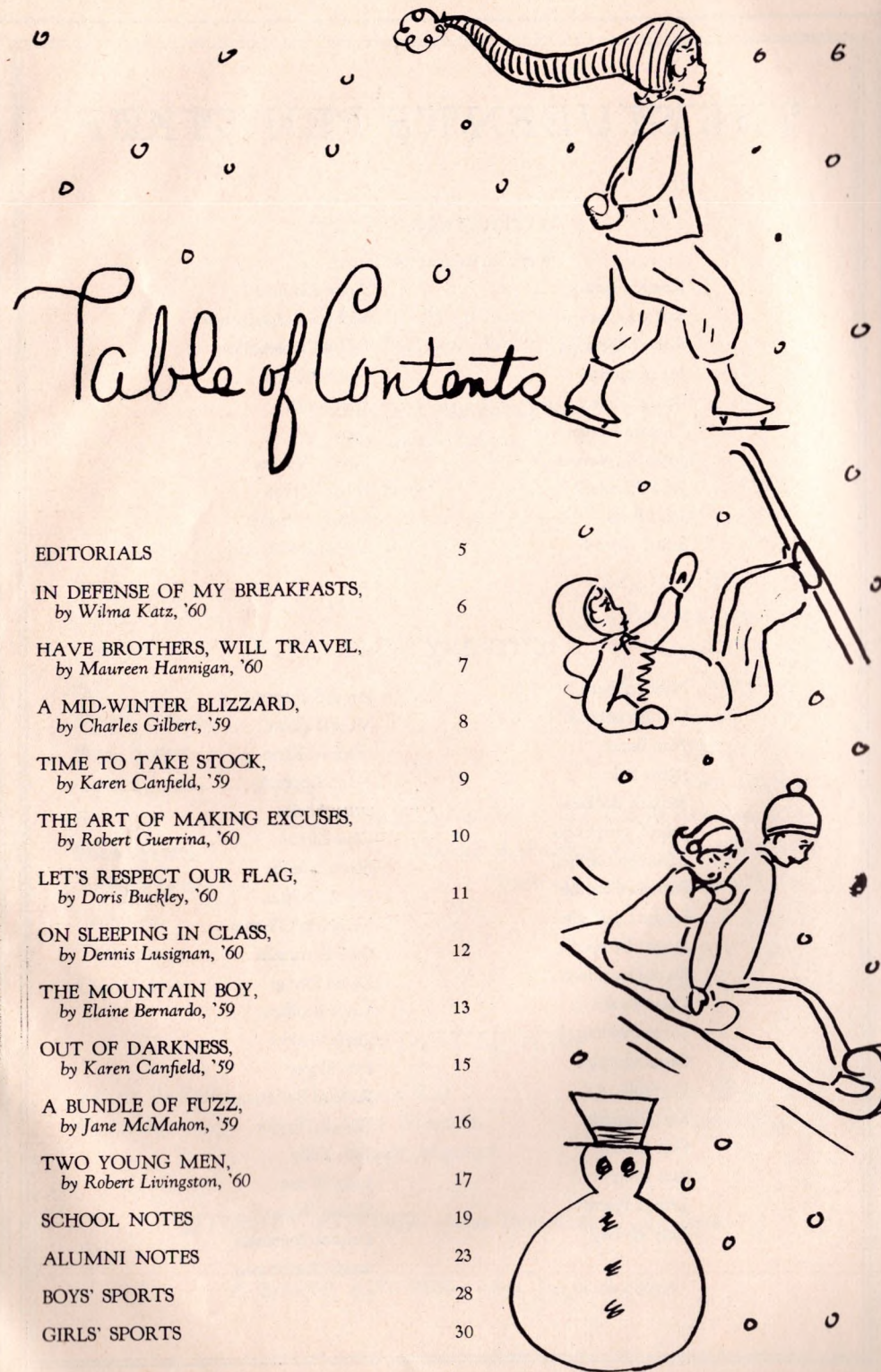
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Have Brothers, Will Travel

By Maureen Hannigan, '60

MORNING at the house which contains three reckless savages is morning at my house. May I warn you, dear reader, never darken my door at this hour or any other hour unless you come equipped with a bullet proof vest, ear muffs, an anti-ray gun, and a completely confused mind.

Our happy day begins at seven o'clock at which time my three young brothers have their daily tussle over cereal brands. The results of their combat are three bowls of oatmeal and three red bottoms. This may seem extremely undemocratic, but it lessens the hostility and keeps poor Father's blood pressure from rising.

Before we continue our journey through a typical day, I must introduce you, dear reader, to the three causes of my misery. Patrick, the one with the curls, is the quiet type. At times he is the most dangerous, for he saves his little annoyances as a miser saves his pennies and then, at the critical point, explodes with the force of an atomic bomb. Thomas William, the nine-year-old, is all for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—usually at my cost. Last, but far from least, is Timothy. This eight-year-old has only one ambition in life—to turn me gray by seventeen. How well I know how close he has come to realizing this ambition!

After a "peaceful" morning meal, my dear charges march to their rooms to begin the spectacular task of dressing themselves. They begin by placing on their tiny feet socks of two different colors. Psychiatrists consolingly state that they dress in this manner to express themselves. Of course we ignore the warning of these great doctors of the mind and continue to frustrate these young boys by screaming insistently, "Take those socks off or there will be war!" Yes, you've guessed it

—the outcome is war. Mother feels guilty in sending them to school with tear-filled eyes; but believe me, they wear the nicest looking socks in town.

All too soon they are home from school and on the rampage once more. They revolt from the strict discipline of school and search about desperately for the sign of trouble. The revolt is soon quelled by a near-by hair brush, and the rebels are off to exile in the nearest corners. Here they whisper to one another about the "dog" who ruined their fun, and how they would get even with "Fatso"—both harsh terms modifying me. I ignore their comments, for I have the upper hand finally; and the only outcome of the day will be another one just like it tomorrow.

At the end of the day, after they have recited their bedtime prayers and have all been kissed good night, I look at their gentle angelic faces and say to myself, "They may be the three things which drive me to drink, but they are also the three things I cherish most on earth."

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER

By Larry Myers, '60

The first rose of summer, a beautiful sight,
The stem grows straight, and the petals fall right.

In the summer sun, like a picture she opens,
Blossoming shyly, with soft, graceful motions.
Now that she's open, we all can inspect it,
Beauty so rare, every heart is affected.

Red as the fire that glows in the hearth,
Warm as a mother's heart, deep underneath.
Petals were turning up to the sky;
Now they are drooping, falling to die.
See the petals fall to the ground,
Gracefully falling, without a sound.

A Mid-Winter Blizzard

By Charles Gilbert, '59

ALTHOUGH the morning reveals nothing unusual to the unpracticed eye, the first signs of an imminent blizzard have already made their appearance. As the air slowly moderates from the morning cold, a gusty southwest wind sweeps the first streaky cirrus clouds across the sky. Noon brings relatively mild temperatures and a gentle southerly wind, as thickening stratus form a warning pattern overhead. For about two hours these conditions prevail and slight melting occurs, as if a thaw were about to ensue. But the arrival of smooth gray nimbostratus, the real storm cloud, soon shatters this hope; and the temperature begins to fall once more. By late afternoon near darkness prevails, and the gentle breeze is from the northeast. The dampness makes the cold unbearable, although the thermometer reading is not unusually low.

Amid gathering dusk and slowly descending temperatures, the big storm begins. The northeast wind increases fitfully, sweeping before it the first tiny flakes. The storm increases gradually but steadily, and soon myriads of flakes race before the wind. By the time complete darkness comes, an uninterrupted gale envelops everything in a swirling fog of snow. As the storm firmly establishes itself, the temperature becomes stationary.

As the storm intensifies, smothering gusts choked with snow send the night into complete chaos. With at least an inch of snow falling every hour, the snow depth increases rapidly. Drifts begin to form as soon as the grass is covered, burying small objects and mounting against larger ones. Before long the storm's wrath begins to take its toll. Wires laden with ice and snow break in the wind and plunge homes into cold and darkness. Small trees and limbs break and add to the

confusion, while broken windows add to the discomfort in already cold buildings. Swaying television aerials are another menace, and many sets cease to function, leaving their owners without vital news and warnings about the storm. Snow-clogged chimneys complete the nightmare.

As unfortunate householders wrestle with their difficulties, cities and towns are having theirs on a much larger scale. As wire experts battle desperately and sometimes vainly against power failures, road crews wage an equally tedious war against the drifts. But the struggle is a losing one, and drifts claim the secondary roads. Plow after plow fails under the strain and still more roads become impassable. All plane flights are cancelled, and trains and buses lag behind schedule.

Now the storm reaches the acme of its might. Howling winds, choked with snow, tear at everything in their path. As the snow depth increases, mountainous drifts isolate houses and bury cars. The cold increases again and soon becomes dangerously intense. The storm's entire area is gripped in the icy hand of nature.

The blizzard's devastations reach gigantic proportions. Difficulties are so widespread that workers find it impossible to cope with them. Countless electrical failures rob homes of heat, light, and means of cooking. Most roads are completely impassable, and the little equipment remaining in working order is helplessly insufficient. With factories, schools, stores, and offices closed, cities turn into virtual ghost-towns. Hundreds of cars and buses are stalled on the buried roads, and their occupants shiver in the ominous cold. In harder-hit sections, trains are likewise marooned. Homes become places of utter gloom, hunger joining the miseries of their dwellers.

Chaos is everywhere, but the blizzard rages on.

But no storm has ever raged forever, and the long awaited signs of the blizzard's cessation finally appear. Becoming turbulent and squally, the gale retreats to the northwest. Amid cascading temperatures the snow also becomes erratic. The diminishing wind finally brings broken clouds and a cessation of the snow, although the drifting from periodic gusts keeps the situation critical.

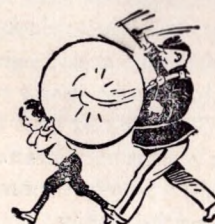
At long last all traces of the storm depart, leaving skies a deep and unbroken blue, with temperatures below zero. But behind it lie the grim reminders of its awesome power. (Deaths due to cold and starvation); stalled cars and buses; isolated cities and towns; extensive and crippling power failures; citizens without light, heat, or food; broken and useless equipment; and new snow from two to four feet deep complete the winter scene. Though the sky bears no scars of the storm's passage, the earth and its fixtures will long be reminded of it.

THE BAND

By Maureen Hannigan, '60

Down the street comes a mighty sound,
The clash of cymbals, a hearty cry,
Which makes Americans feel so proud,
As the high school band goes marching by:

Beside the group of purple and white
Walks a man upon whose countenance lies,
The pride and happiness which he well
deserves,
As the high school band goes marching by.



Time To Take Stock

By Karen Canfield, '59

HAVE you accomplished as much as you could have, this half-year? Or have the million and one little things that you were going to do passed you by—like writing an article for *THE PEN*, trying out for plays, going out for athletic teams? Our extra-curricular activities are offered to us for a purpose: to make us well-rounded people, to give us a chance to explore other fields which we might not have gotten through other sources outside school. Besides the broadening of our interests brought about by participation in our after-school programs, there is another good reason why we should take advantage of these opportunities: acceptance in colleges is partly based on our record of extra-curricular activities. Those students with a good assortment of activities, as well as those with good marks, will be in demand by the colleges, for they will give something of themselves to the schools, instead of merely taking knowledge away and substituting nothing in return.

This is not to say that our studies should be stinted in favor of other things. In this, as in all other matters, a happy medium should be sought. But keep in mind that our school is not merely a place of books and study. At Pittsfield High, we are offered a course in life relationships which springs from our after-school program. Let's all take advantage of it!

THE SNOW-FOREST

By Karen Canfield, '59

Over the lonely hills
A down-soft snowcloud drifts
And spreads its burden on the ground.
The forest pines
Sigh, and settle into ageless slumber
While the snowflakes,
The feather-fluffy snowflakes,
Cover the forest
With a blanket of cottony fleece.

The Art of Making Excuses

By Robert Guerrina, '60

WHAT comes into your mind when someone mentions the arts? If you are like most people, you probably think of music, painting, sculpture, drama, and the like. And, like most people, you are guilty of a common fallacy in your thinking. An art, according to the dictionary, is any activity requiring much skill and knowledge, and, in many cases, creativeness. Taking this into consideration, you can see that there are many "arts" not recognized as such. Some people, such as check forgers, pick-pockets, and shoplifters, are certainly not considered artists. And yet, one can readily see the fine distinction, say, between an amateur shoplifter and one who is a professional. Kleptomaniacs are picked up by the police every day, but the real professionals are not apprehended very often, or at least not until they have made quite a few profitable "hauls".

Now that we have pointed out this fallacy in our present-day thinking, let us discuss one of these "arts". The "art" which is one of the most difficult to master is that of making excuses. Anyone can make two or three good excuses, but after a while they become hackneyed and stale, thus losing their effectiveness. An exceptionally brilliant person, however, can fabricate as many excuses as needed and still have an amazingly high acceptance percentage. To do this requires a very long, complicated procedure. Each excuse must be fresh and original. It must be made to sound believable even though the person to whom it is addressed may have some doubts as to its sincerity.

There are two main types of excuses. The first is an excuse for being late for, or forgetting, an appointment. This is the easiest predicament to worm your way out of. There are many good excuses for being late, such as "I ran over a cat and had to report it" or "My

suspenders broke and I had to run home to get a new pair." In case these are not satisfactory—though I cannot possibly see how this could be—the blame can always be thrown on some talkative person who kept you on the telephone or some other scapegoat of your choice.

The second kind of excuse is the one involving the complicated procedure. This kind is for not doing something which should have been done, such as homework. If possible, this excuse should be prepared and memorized the night before it is to be delivered. It should be rehearsed a few times in order that the flaws may be taken out of it. One should be especially careful about his choice of words. The dominant tone should be one of sincerity and humility. In order that it will not grate on the listener's nerves, it should not be too lengthy.

The most important part of this creation is the tone of the voice during the oration. The orator must sound sorry for having committed the offense, but his voice should have a touch of independence in it. Even though he has committed a wrong, in his heart he is innocent and must show it.

This procedure must be strictly followed to insure success. The following episode illustrates what can happen to an inexperienced person trying to do the work of a professional.

Johnny entered English class surrounded by an air of defeat. He was not his usual jovial self. For Johnny had not done the composition that had been assigned for homework.

The teacher, Miss Smith, looked up as he entered the room. She sensed something was wrong. As Johnny came slowly towards her desk, a dark cloud formed over her countenance and she became very serious.

"Miss Smith?" Johnny ventured.

"Yes?" she replied stonily.

Let's Respect Our Flag

By Doris I. Buckley, '60

"Miss Smith, I didn't have time to finish my composition," he said uneasily. He had committed a fatal error by showing his uncertainty, and the teacher pounced on it.

"What do you mean, you didn't have time?" Her voice rose to a higher pitch. "You mean to tell me that from yesterday afternoon until now you couldn't find a half hour to do your composition?"

Johnny was visibly ill at ease now. "Well, I—

"Don't you think you could have found the time if you really wanted to?" she interrupted, with an air of triumph.

"Well, I guess so."

"Yes, I think so too, and I also think you had better report here after school and see what you can do about this, don't you?"

"Yes, Miss Smith," Johnny whispered and slowly retreated in defeat to his seat.

Incidents such as this would never occur if people were more informed in the methods of successfully fabricating excuses. This can happen only if someone conducts extensive research on the subject and publishes his findings. If there is anyone silly enough to do this, would he please reserve a copy for me?

THE SANDS OF WINTER

By Marie Lingoski, '60

The shifting sands of winter
Sculptured by wind's breath,
Lie soft and whitely somber
In grief of Summer's death.

The wand'ring flakes of diamonds
Fall to their resting place,
And Mother Nature's needle
Soon weaves some ancient lace.

This obstacle of Mankind . . .
This solace for the heart
Shall always greet the Winter day,
And Spring shall see it part.

"AND now, our National Anthem." How many times have you stood at attention when "The Star Spangled Banner" was being played? Not very many. How many times, when a flag passed in a parade, have you stood at attention or saluted? Very few.

Students, the disrespect and irreverence that most of us show our flag is shocking. In the morning, when the pledge is to be given, many of us climb laboriously out of our chairs, as if it were an exceedingly difficult and disagreeable task which we were to perform, mumble a few meaningless words and sink down into our seats again with a sigh.

Boys, in less than seven years most of you will have pledged to sacrifice YOUR LIFE for that flag you have just greeted.

Girls, in less than seven years most of you may be wondering if your friends and loved ones will have to go into war to die for that flag. The power of our flag to call anyone into its service at anytime will cause you much worry and many sleepless nights.

As long as we can salute that flag, as long as it waves, we will be free—free to own a hot rod, free to buy and play as many rock and roll records as we choose, free to go to dances and basketball games, free to write or say anything we choose. God help us if "Old Glory" ceases to fly!

Our flag has POWER, stands for PEACE and should be saluted and served with PRIDE.

The next time you are called to say the pledge, rise from your seat, stand proud, speak with respect when you say, "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America. One nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." THINK what those power-packed twenty-two words mean. Realize what you are saying. You are pledged to serve that flag any time, any way. Respect it.

On Sleeping in Class

By Dennis Lusignan, '60

SLEEPING in class is an art that has been developing progressively since Simon Stoneaxe fell asleep in his sabertooth tiger-stalking class. That day Simon was in a bad mood. Two of his brothers had disappeared; his mother had been eaten by a dinosaur, and he had been cast out into the night by his relatives because they said he had eaten two of his second cousins—alive. He had, but after all, weren't they being a little harsh?

In this unhappy frame of mind Simon stumbled into school, dead tired from running, not running to school but running all night from things such as tigers, wolves, wild dogs, and other similar anti-Simon beasts. Since there was no room for him, he clobbered a student over the head with his axe and took his place. His professor entered and began exhorting them about hunting sabertooth tigers. Simon only half listened and finally fell asleep. All he remembered on awakening was that Herr Professor had said that the best way to kill a sabertooth was to stare him down. Simon decided to try it. He did. Unfortunately for him he had not heard his teacher's remark that it was safer to do this from the top of a two-hundred-foot tree, hunter on top, tiger at the bottom. Now, as a result, sleepy Simon is sleeping permanently.

The fine art of sleeping in class died out after this, due to a shortage of sleepy students. Not until medieval days did it undergo a revival. It was all the rage. Students were losing their heads over it, quite literally. When one fell asleep in broad sword or spear class, what was one to expect? Unfortunately the result was the same as in Simon's day; no sleepy students were to be found. So once again the art suffered a severe setback.

But American youth, who have recon-

structed and saved from the grave many worthy practices, came to the rescue. Employing new techniques, the American schoolboy, the new artisan, developed this one to a high degree during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Why sleep in class when you don't have to even come to school? Sleeping in class did not die out completely, but developed into the more highly specialized art of "playing hookey." Playing hookey, like caviar, became the fashion. Not even stern schoolmarmes, beatings, or other measures of discipline worked.

A typical American schoolboy of this golden era was Sam Clemens. Sam lived to "play hookey," but in his later years of school he specialized. He now only skipped English classes. The world remembers Sam because he has written such "warped monstrosities" as *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. A little research into these novels proves Sam skipped his English classes.

But the golden era of hookey was not to last. Some twisted genius invented a truant officer and the glory which was once skipping began to fade. It did not die out completely but went into a decline. Students still persisted in skipping but now, with a truant officer at work, the mortality rate was high—very high. Some spectacular truant officer successes, such as the Saint Valentine's Day massacre, made the headlines. These successes were made possible because of new equipment consisting of walkie-talkies and squad cars. Although it was pointed out that this equipment gave the truant officers a great advantage, the truant officers refused to negotiate and kept right on using this equipment.

Today the truant officer is concerned only with stamping out the remnants of a once great cult. So today, due to the great difficulty

of playing hookey, sleeping in class is now being vigorously revived. Up to the writing of this essay it has not developed very far. It still consists of taking quick cat naps behind the teacher's back although a few braver students are experimenting with all period marathons.

The future? Who knows? There are many possibilities, too many to list here. But judging from all indications, the golden era should see a vigorous revival during the next four centuries.

P.S. I'm sorry for the preceding monstrosity but I like to sleep in English classes.

The Mountain Boy

By Elaine Bernardo, '59

HE shivered sleepily all the way across the yard to the barn. During the night the mud between the stones on the path had frozen into glazed ridges which his heavy black boots now crushed. The sun had not yet come up over the mountain to pierce the chilling fog. He lowered his ears deeper into the upturned collar of his black leather jacket. Stumbling down a small incline, he fell against the side of a car parked in the gravel lot before the barn. He could feel the cold metal on his legs through the levis he was wearing. Automatically he pushed the side window-vent open to reach for the inside door handle. Something hard and sharp jabbed him in the ribs. Looking down he saw the outside door handle. For a moment he wondered why his '50 Ford, which he had customized himself, had door handles on the outside. What would the boys say if they saw him driving a car with chrome on it?

Suddenly he understood. Memories came rushing through his head, one piled on another, until he grew dizzy. He jerked open the door and slid into the seat, his body slumping over the steering wheel. The flood of memories slowed down now and made a pattern which he refused to accept at first. He told himself that he was drunk, or dreaming, but he knew better. The Ford was gone. He closed his eyes and a face whirled before him, blurred at first. The image became clearer, and two round dark eyes stared at him from under straight black bangs. Tears

began to stream down his cheeks and he repeated her name over and over until it became a chant. She was gone, too.

A great desire seized him then to see them both again, the only two that ever meant anything to him. There had been other cars, other girls, but not like these. Reaching under the seat, he pulled out Grandpa's keys and fitted them into the ignition. He started the car and backed out of the yard as noiselessly as he could. In the rambling old house set back from the road the family was still asleep. He did not want them to know that he was gone. It seemed strange not to hear the roar of dual exhausts when he let the clutch up. The fog was beginning to lift as he sped down the narrow mountain road, pushing the gas pedal to the floor because he knew every turn and bump on the way. He remembered bitterly the night that this knowledge had failed him.

Halfway down the mountain there was a curve that hung out over space. The tires screeched as he came to a sharp halt at the edge of the drop-off. He got out and walked over to the gap in the guard-rails, staring down at the trickle of a brook that was ninety feet below him. It had come almost as a shock to him that those cement posts were gone, that there was no flame red car crumpled up against them, with the limp body of a girl lying on the front seat. He lifted his hand to his forehead and his fingers traced the still-fresh scar over his left eyebrow. Never again would he

be able to look in a mirror without being reminded of that night. His face might heal, but a scar was stamped forever on his soul.

Standing there, hands in his pockets, the answer first occurred to him. It was so simple that he wondered why he had not thought of it before. He turned his head and mentally gauged the width of Grandpa's Chevy against the opening in the posts. The morning sun finally broke through the mist and glinted on the tiny brook bubbling over the rocks as he took one last look below. Then he walked deliberately over to the car and got in. Starting the engine, he lined up the car so that it faced the gap. Just before the front wheels went over, he floored the accelerator, relieved that he had not lost his nerve.

A battered old pick-up truck rounded the same curve later that morning. A farmer from back in the hills on his way into town for supplies, noticed the still-smoldering wreckage and reported it to the police. In a house on the mountainside a worn, gray-haired woman would be mourning the loss of her eldest son. Beside her, in a chair, rocking gently back and forth with a pipe clamped in his jaws, an aged man would stare at his grieving daughter, dimly realizing that the mountain had claimed its own.



TEMPTATION

By Marie Lingoski, '60

Dances, movies, Cokes, T.V.,
Sundaes, ballgames, or a spree . . .
These pleasures we must overpass
To be prepared for every class;
They tempt and tease till will power's gone,
And we can't get our homework done.
Yes, thoughtfully studying in a chair
Isn't as hard as getting there.

THE BERKSHIRE HILLS

By Rosemary Trepacz, '61

Take a walk and what do you see?
The Berkshire Hills beckon to thee.
Rugged and solemn they have stood
watching and waiting,
watching and waiting.

If they could only tell what they have seen,
Of many promises, hopes, fears, and dreams.
But rugged and solemn, still they stand
watching and waiting,
watching and waiting.

Strong, made of granite, they'll never tell.
These wonderful hills we all love so well.
Rugged and solemn they will always stand
watching and waiting,
watching and waiting.



THE RIPENING OF BROTHERHOOD

By Marie Lingoski, '60

Lift up your swords,
Join with the hordes;
Let's all march a lively step
Towards our one goal.

Sing out the song,
With Earth's great throng;
Let's fly the glory flag
With heart and soul.

Let glad tears fall,
Cleanse History's hall;
Come, ripen all the fruit
In brotherhood's bowl.

SHORT STORIES

Out of Darkness

By Karen Canfield, '59

THE wind was cool in her hair as the long yellow convertible easily swung around the corners on the steep mountain road, and the hum of the motor was friendly in the night. Illuminating first one side of the road and then the other, the headlights shone upon massive walls of granite and a yawning abyss, blackly infinite. Although the hour was past midnight, the girl was not tired; rather, all her senses seemed especially alert.

Miles of asphalt slipped away beneath the wheels of the powerful car as it continued inexorably upward toward the summit in the blackness. Behind the wheel, the girl hummed a plaintive tune that seemed completely in keeping with the lonely surroundings. She began to feel out of touch with the world, here on top of the remote mountain range. Strange thoughts, strange sensations that she had never known before were slowly making their presence felt, and the utter desolation of the surrounding countryside intensified every feeling. The breeze, in its passage through her hair, seemed to moan her name; the very air seemed alive and charged with excitement—an excitement that left her filled with terror, but at the same time, oddly at peace. It was as though she had experienced this long ago, but the knowledge had slipped from her conscious mind, and had lodged in a dusty corner of the land where all forgotten matters remain, to emerge only now.

Though she tried to laugh off her nameless fear, her foot, almost of its own will, pressed to the floor boards the accelerator. Seemingly sensing her panic, the swift convertible tore up the endless slope, scrambling as if the devil

were on its heels. Suddenly its mad flight was arrested as the broad highway narrowed and ended upon the mountain top which overlooked hundreds of miles of emptiness. The car shuddered to a halt, and the winds shrieked their triumph, boldly clutching at her dress, touching her face with threatening caresses. Hurriedly, she put up the top to escape them, and the winds muttered angrily outside the windows and slashed at the canvas, but to no avail.

She had regained control of herself, and laughed a little at her stupidity. Naturally, she must have missed the sign declaring that the road was a dead end, and as for imagining that the wind was menacing her—well, she thought, giggling to herself, she'd always had an active imagination.

Her headlights described an arc as the car swung around to retrace her steps down the road. It was too bad that she'd be late for the party—Dow City was more than a hundred miles away—but it couldn't be helped. And then she saw the road—or what was left of it. Before her terrified eyes, the asphalt was vanishing, until none at all was left, and the trees and shrubs hurried to cover the bare place on the mountain.

Cowering in the farthest corner of the seat, she trembled with terror. After a time, however, a sound began to penetrate her consciousness, a sound that was coaxing and reassuring. Her quaking ceased as the terror slipped away from her person like a heavy burden. Now she was no longer afraid; instead, she was filled with a desire to drop the troubles of life and find peace at last, and so she hesitantly left her car.

The wind sang jubilantly in her ears as she walked. With each step, she felt lighter and suddenly free, as the song of the wind became her song, and her body a part of the throng of souls which forever rush and swirl

over the world until they discover new recruits to swell their number. And as they ascended higher and higher, she glimpsed a yellow car abandoned on a lonely mountain peak.

A Bundle of Fuzz

By Jane McMahon, '59

THE late afternoon sunlight gleamed through the trees and fell in scattered patches on the rusty pail and shovel in the sandbox, matching the gold of the little boy's hair. The maple tree held its branches erect and still; today it seemed to bear its burden of a rubber tire suspended on a rope most cheerfully, as if it, too, knew of the great miracle which had taken place.

"Hi, Tommy," I sang out as I cut through the yard on my way home from school.

"Hey!" The little feet in the well-worn sneakers came pounding toward me. "Know what I've got? I got a puppy!" A little wriggling ball of multi-colored fur was thrust at me, while the beaming four-year-old anxiously awaited my approval.

"Oh, Tommy, how sweet!" I cried, dropping my books and stooping to gather the bundle of fuzz in my arms. Immediately a little pink tongue went to work and succeeded in thoroughly wetting my face.

"He is *not* sweet!" stormed Tommy, his chubby hands reaching out for his prize. "He's a boy dog and his name's Butch and he's gonna be the toughest dog on the street and he is not sweet!"

"Okay, okay," I laughed, "I didn't mean to insult you. He *does* look like a real tough dog!"

Promptly reassured, he stepped back, his dirt-streaked face lighting up at the compliment to the animal, whose face was, at that moment, thrust entirely into my pocket.

"Yeah. Boy, I bet he'll get so big I can ride him."

As I looked at the puppy's not-yet completely opened eyes, wrinkled nose and floppy ears, I hadn't the heart to tell him that I suspected the "future terror of the block" to be a combination of cocker spaniel, Boston terrier, beagle, and dachshund, and hardly big enough to ride.

"He's going to the the hospital tomorrow to get shot," he informed me very confidentially. "I'm going, too."

"Get *shot*?" I asked, puzzled. "Oh, you mean get shots. For rabies."

"Yeah, that's what I said, get shot. He digs holes, too." All in one breath. "But he sleeps all the time. Is that why dogs bark, if you wake them up? Does your dog bark? Did he get shot, too?"

His questions came thick and fast. Without waiting for any answers, he began describing the dog house he was going to build "tomorrow."

But the light of his life had suddenly dozed off, its little body curled into a pretzel. Under his master's instructions, I gently deposited "Butch" in a lovingly-made bed in a carton and proceeded to pick up my fallen books. The small boy knelt beside the box, his fingers gently stroking the soft fur, his expression worshipping and adoring.

As I tiptoed away and waited to cross the street, my feelings were those of joy . . . joy over the happiness of this child, caused by a puppy named "Butch." Tommy's puppy, Tommy . . . the little boy who could not see.

Two Young Men

By Robert Livingston, '60

THE driving snow cut into his face, and the icy blasts of wind seemed to pierce his thick parka. Blizzard, most feared of all Mother Nature's tricks in the North country! How, how did he get into this? He tried to think, but the cold had numbed him so that it was hard. Yes, now his mind began to clear. Think hard.

The day before, he had been checking his trap lines with his dog team. A good supply of pelts was collected, and he decided to make camp for the night. He had unchained the dogs so that they could come up closer, but no sooner had this been done when the sound of a nearby wolf-pack frightened them into scattering. It was foolish to let them loose anyway, but he had been thinking of the pelts and had done it half-thinking. Starting off the next morning on foot, he soon became lost in the driving blizzard.

It was a tremendous effort to move, but he knew that if he stopped, he would never be able to get up again. He stumbled and fell: "I must get up!" But it was useless. He felt the blackness close about him. His eyes shut, and he seemed to see a vision of the San Francisco that he had wished to see so many times. Now he could do it with the cash from the pelts and what he had saved. Now . . . now . . .

"Haloo!" What was that? "Haloo," it came again. Could it be a voice? No, it couldn't be, not in this blizzard. His eyes fluttered open.

The sun shone brightly and made the snow sparkle like a field of diamonds. He felt good now, full of life. Then over the top of a rise came two young men. They ran to him and carried him to their sled. "Nice young fellers, they," he thought, "even though they don't talk much."

They conversed briefly on the way back. He learned their names were Pete and Gabriel.

Funny, he seemed to know them. But, now they were on their way to the Trading Post, and soon he would be sitting around the fire with all his buddies, drinking the same warming whiskey. The landscape flew by, and there they were, at the Post.

He and his two new friends entered the place, but no one looked at him. He spoke, but no one answered.

"Strange," he puzzled. "What've I done now? They ain't never done this 'fore."

"Hey, you long-nosed varmints, it's me. I'm okay."

Still nobody answered or even looked at him. The two young men remained silent for a while and, as he was going to have a drink, motioned him outside.

"What the heck is the matter with those crazy guys?"

At this outburst the two cringed a bit but motioned him onto the sled again.

"Whar you takin' me?"

There was no response, but he did not care because his eyes felt a bit heavy, so he closed them for a short moment. When he opened them, he found himself in a large city.

"My Lord! We're in Anchorage. How'd we get here?"

He looked for the other two, but they were nowhere in sight. Pinned to his chest was a very white envelope with his name written in gold lettering. Inside was a letter, a ticket to San Francisco, and some money. The letter said he was to catch the next steamer and to have a good time. It was signed "Pete and Gabriel."

Well, what was there to lose? His watch showed four o'clock, and the ship left at four-fifteen. He half ran, half flew, to the pier and just made it.

He was shown to a stateroom where he

found a complete wardrobe, just his size. Man, this was his lucky day. Funny, someone leaving all his clothes behind, but I suppose it takes all kinds.

Life aboard the ship was just one big party: dancing, drinking, dancing, eating, dancing, and dancing. It was there he met Vivian, a beautiful blonde with gorgeous blue eyes. The moment he saw her he felt twenty-five again, even though he was old enough to be her father. Where she went, you would find him, and vice-versa.

Tomorrow the trip would be over, and they planned to be married in San Francisco just as soon as they got settled. He thought back and wondered why he hadn't done this long ago. Pete and Gabriel were swell guys. Why had they done all this?

"SHOW ME A DIAMOND . . ."

By Judy Oltsch, '61

Show me a diamond
Beautiful as a dew-wet cobweb
Sparkling in the early morning sun;
I want to see a ruby
Red as the globe of fire
Glowing in the west when day is done.

Let me see the sapphire
That shines as blue
As the clearest azure autumn sky;
Bring me the amethyst
Rich as the deep violet
Of New England hills when night is nigh.

I want to hold the emerald
Green as the soft dark velvet
Of the grass so cool beneath my feet.
Make a ring of gold for me
As pleasing to my eyes
As fields, so like great waves, of sunlit wheat.

These jewels I love above all things—
Worth more to me than gems of kings.



The gangway was lowered, and Vivian and he walked arm in arm into the California sun. Arm in arm into a new life—a new and beautiful, sunny life.

* * * * *

The snow had stopped, and over the rise came two grizzled old trappers. Something was sticking out of the snow; it looked like a body. One went down while the other held the team.

"Is he dead, Joe?"

"Yes, froze, I guess."

"Let's sling 'im over the sled and take 'im back to the Trading Post."

"Too bad, he was a good *ami*, a good trapper. Mon Dieu, look at these pelts. Perfect, every one. He could live okay in Frisco for life with what these will bring."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE

By Karen Canfield, '59

Oh Irishmen! Lend me your ear.
Now that St. Patrick's Day is here
We'll all parade throughout the town,
With men from Limerick and Down,
Kilkenny, Derry and Tralee
A-keepin' step in back of me.
Shillelaghs swing, and people shout
That Irishmen have all turned out
To celebrate, and wear the green,
And wink at every fair colleen.
A shamrock in each buttonhole
And Irish pride in every soul,
We'll show the world the proper way
To celebrate Saint Patrick's Day!

SNOW VALENTINES

By Karen Canfield, '59

The lace-edged valentines of snow appear
With frigid winds that freeze the nose and ear
And howl with glee that February's here.
The latter is no news at all to me,
For every branch of bush and limb of tree
Is laced with ice, as far as one can see.
A snowbound lane bears marks made by a tire
Bound up with chains; the church's lofty spire
Shines on the hill as I dream by my fire.

SCHOOL NOTES

THE SCIENCE CLUB

The Pittsfield High School Science Club is now well under way. The members have already heard outside speakers talk about the philosophy of science, organic chemistry and technical libraries. Other discussions about various topics are scheduled for the club.

The following projects have been completed and discussed by several students: organic formulas for bacterial metabolism, an investigation of periodicity in certain types of algebraic fractions, transmission of voice by light, and the design of a small computer.

A few of the seniors from the club have entered the Westinghouse Talent Search. This is an activity opened only to seniors everywhere in our nation. To be qualified for this, the contestants must, first of all, take an examination, and then send in a written summary of a project they have done. There are 4,000 applicants and from this number, there are 300 honorable mention selections. In this contest there will be only 40 finalists, so let's give our fellow students who entered it, our best wishes.

RETAIL SALES

In the middle of November, the Sales Executive Club presented another talk to the Retail Sales class. The guest speaker, Mr. George Tuttle of I.B.M., spoke on "Knowledge of the Product." Mr. Tuttle arranged to have Mr. Theron Perkins, a salesman at Brewer Brothers, and Mr. Evan Anderson, an I.B.M. representative, say a few words to the class.

The Retail Sales class started full time Christmas work December 2, 1958. We all enjoyed this very much. Our full time work

ended January 5, 1959, when we returned to school.

Monday, January 12, the class was taken on a tour of the Berkshire Evening Eagle Building by Mrs. Elizabeth Gerlach. Mr. Warren Fowler, Advertising Sales Manager, told us how an advertisement was made up.

Through the cooperation of Miss "Mac," the girls of the Retail Sales Club have formed two bowling teams which meet from 6 o'clock to 7 o'clock every Monday night.

CADETTES

On December 29, the P.H.S. Cadettes held their reunion in the P.H.S. cafeteria. The girls enjoyed a pizza party and movies of this year's routines. Sixty girls attended, representing the classes of '56, '57, and '58. Chairman of the event was Nancy Ann Clayson, assisted by Judy Genest and Ann Coughlin.

Wednesday, January 21, the second annual Cadettes Variety show for the benefit of the Cadettes Scholarship Fund was presented. The program included such talented stars as Jay (La Plante) and His Pals, Kay Reagan singing "Sugar in the Morning," Sharon Posner pantomiming "Li'l Darlin'," the Richmondaire square dance group, Kirsten Johnson doing a baton twirling exhibition, Dick Bolster in a comic sketch, Karen Canfield singing "Summertime," Bob Guerrina playing a piano boogie, the Harmonettes singing "My Happiness," (Sharon) Posner and (Claire) Lipton doing the Charleston, Diane Wicker singing a solo, and the P.H.S. Cadettes in one of their routines. This year's Variety Show was a tremendous success and we hope that the Cadettes continue to encourage our talented students to perform for such a worthy cause as the Scholarship Fund.

THE NEW SCHOOL CAR

We can be justifiably proud of this newest addition to the modern educational facilities here at Pittsfield High. This beautiful new Chevrolet was presented to us during the last week in October by the South Street Chevrolet, Inc., of which Mr. John Lindsay is the new owner. This car was given for the express purpose of teaching "behind the wheel" driver training to eligible P.H.S. students.

Mr. Reginald B. Thompson, who is the "behind the wheel" instructor, has been teaching student driving for eight years. During this time, between 600 and 700 students have taken the course, and out of this number, only six have failed to get their license!

Statistics prove that in the teen-age bracket, there are 50% fewer accidents among those individuals who have successfully completed the driver education course. Another advantage of the program is the liberal insurance reduction which it affords the student who has satisfactorily completed the program.

We wish to thank the Police Department, the Registry of Motor Vehicles, and the School Department for their whole-hearted interest and cooperation in maintaining this program here in Pittsfield. Most of all, we want to thank Mr. John Lindsay and the South Street Chevrolet Co. for their generosity. By their contribution, more students of Pittsfield High School will be able to benefit from the driver training program.

MUSIC NOTES

The big project of sending the band to Washington, D. C. sometime in early April is in full swing. With almost half of the \$5000 raised, projects are moving on at a rapid pace, in hopes that the goal will be reached in time.

On January 10, a cake sale was held at Grant's, from which the band added \$103 to the previously raised amount. On January 19, mothers and fathers of band members



met to start planning a supper, which when held two years ago, was a big success. Besides these projects, a dance and an auction are in the making. Realizing that April is drawing closer, the band members, with the approval of the School Committee, decided that each member should pay ten dollars to help with the expenses. Everyone in and out of the band is working hard in hopes that the second Washington trip will be as successful as the first.

All holiday music having been put back in the boxes, the orchestra has once again returned to playing classical and semi-classical music. The selections which can be heard emanating from the music room every Monday and Thursday 6th period, range from "Hillbilly," to "Tchaikowsky's Fifth."

On January 28, the orchestra played at South Junior High for the graduation of the practical nurses. There they played several pieces before and after the graduation exercises.

After putting on a splendid performance at our annual Christmas program, the "Choraleers" have been working on some new music. Every Thursday from 2:45 to 3:45, about fifty sophomores, juniors, and seniors meet in the music room to polish up some of their favorite songs, and learn new

ones. They are still desperately in need of some male voices, so what do you say, fellows? Anyone who is interested in a good time is cordially invited to join, and when you come, be sure to bring a pal.

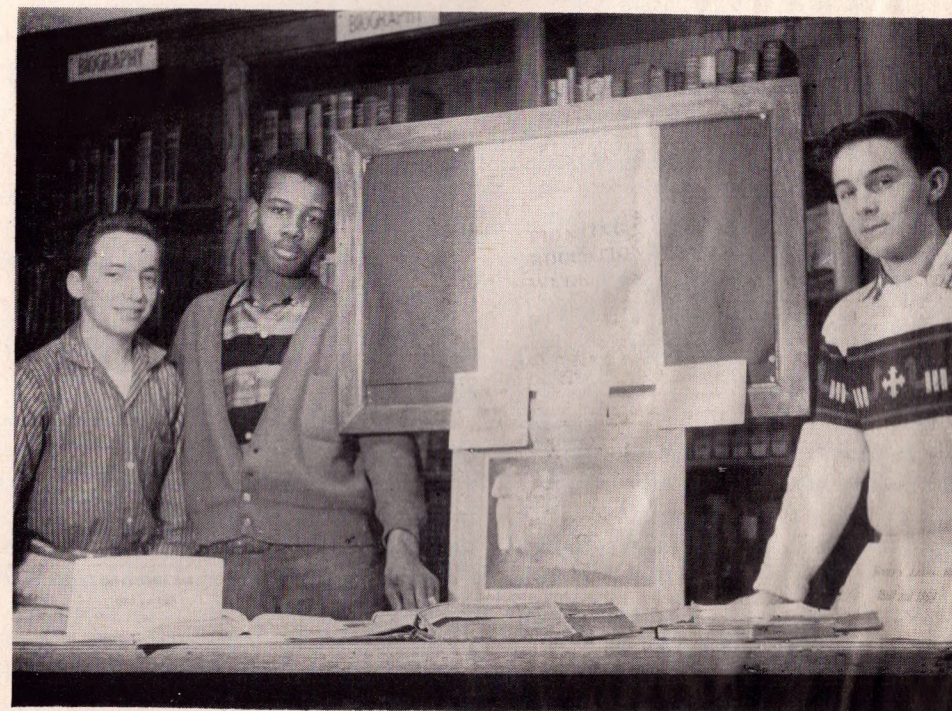


PRINTING EDUCATION WEEK

Printing Education week was celebrated in Pittsfield High School during the week of January 17. This was the first time since 1955 that it was observed by our students. A display, sponsored by the Vocational Print Shop, was set up in the library. Designed by Ronald Strokton, Louis Costini, and Edward Carmel, it included a collection of books of the nineteenth century. This display was not only interesting but also very educational.

Casey's Column

Jimmie Bridges is rapidly gaining fame as a French scholar . . . Elaine Bernardo was caught eating "M&M's" in homeroom . . . Who's the Senior boy who went to the wrong house after his date? . . . Nancyanne Clayson has become quite proficient at insulting her friends, "en francais", of course . . . Howie Harris in Mr. Wheeler's 4th period biology class seems to be tremendously interested in insects . . . George Breen is fast becoming Miss Millett's favorite homeroom pupil; he's doing all her errands now . . . Dave Connors is selling his class pictures for \$.25 a picture and \$.35 for a signed one. You'd better hurry, girls. Only a few left! . . . Everyone wants to know where Mr. Chapdelaine buys those crazy sweaters! . . . Boys owning the "doggiest" cars in P.H.S.: Joe Ferraro, George Smith, Bill Plankey and Wayne Dawson; "Doggie" trucks: Malcom Kelly and Frank Alfonso.



FANTASTIC PLANS FOR A FEBRUARY VACATION

PETER BRAZEAU—"Eat, drink, and be merry."
 KATHIE BURKE—"Help Pete live it up!"
 JIMMY HICKEY—"Clean out my broom closet."
 MARY JANE MCGOVERN—"Hold a book burning party."
 DICK HENDERSON—"Go ice fishing on my new raft!"
 CAROLYN GEORGE—"Go water skiing on Pontoosuc."
 BOB CALLAHAN—"Check the talent."
 TOM FIORENTINO—"Help Bob search for 'T'."
 CELIA ZEMACK—"Go swimming in Spring-side Park."
 JERRY FREELAND—"Ahh, rest!"
 DOTTIE SOBARA—"Recuperate from mid-years."
 CAROL SACHETTI—"Sleep!"
 PAT WETZEL—"Find some spare time."
 LYNNE ZACCARINI—"Hibernate."
 DAVE CONDRON—"Play miniature golf."
 BARB QUAY—"Answer my fan mail."
 SANDY MACDONALD—"Why study, of course!"
 LINDA CASTAGNETTI—"To recuperate from January and marshal my forces for March."

Overheard in a Senior English Class

Woman Teacher (giving an example of the use of the subjunctive mood of a verb): "I wish I were young again."

Fresh Boy (from the rear of the classroom): "I wish you were, too!"

Three Better Ways to Say "Get Lost!":

Go play in a stampede!
 When I want you, I'll set a trap!
 You can be replaced by a vacuum cleaner!

Mr. Geary (after a long explanation)—

"And now we get X equals O."

Mike Coughlin (from the back of the room)
 "Whew! All that work for nothing!"

THE IDEAL P. H. S. BOY SHOULD HAVE—

JERRY BLAIR's—supply of jokes
 MARK MELIKAN's—patience
 JOHNNY O'NEIL's—shyness
 BILLY ERAMO's—grin
 DICK WALSH's—dancing ability
 PETE MELA's—nonchalance
 MIKE COUGHLIN's—friendliness
 FRED COX's—height
 "Bo" JORDAN's—wit
 JOE GARCIA's—sincerity
 TOM GIDDING's—athletic ability
 PAUL SWEENEY's—neatness
 DAVE SYKES's—merry laugh
 DAVE WALSH's—cheerfulness
 PAUL TAMBURELLO's—naturalness
 TEDDY WALTER's—physique
 PHIL BALMER's—good looks
 MIKE ZORBO's—individuality
 BILL HOLT's—reserve
 DAN DI NICOLA's—musical ability
 BILL SINGER's—intelligence
 JEFF BURNS's—good nature

Pertinent Questions of the Day

Why don't they fix the buzzer in Room 104?

Was there an "upset" in the Junior Class Primary Elections?

Does anyone ever get any work done in the Public Library during "Research Paper Season"?

Why don't the Senior Boys date the Senior Girls?

Are there as many busloads of student fans going to the out-of-town basketball games this year as there were last year?

Have "Jay and His Pals" been reduced to "Jay and a Friend"?

Is there a "Charlie Brown" in your class?

What did Margot forget at the basketball game in Williamstown?

ALUMNI NOTES

The time has come for many of us to think about college, and a question we are undoubtedly asking ourselves is, "should I attend a co-ed college or not?" We hope the following comments by 1958 graduates of P.H.S. when asked, "Are you sorry that you chose a co-ed—non-co-ed college?" will answer some of your questions.

Sandy Cusato—SKIDMORE, NON-CO-ED—"Speaking from my experience here at Skidmore, I am very happy that I decided to attend a college for girls. On week days studying is much easier and more successful without the male distraction. Also, all girl classes and discussions are relaxing, stimulating, and enjoyable. As for the social life, it is not lacking by any means. On weekends either the campus becomes deserted when girls often visit men's colleges or the boys come here and the campus becomes co-ed."

Dave Sohles—U. OF MASS.—"Definitely not! A certain amount of studying has to be done anyway in college, and whether you attend a co-ed school or not makes no difference. A co-ed school makes the hours which are not spent in studying much more enjoyable because there is never a lack of social activity."

Dave Doherty—ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, NON-CO-ED—"I have no regrets about coming to a men's college. At a co-ed school, girls are around all of the time, and that can be very distracting! At a men's college, girls are around only when you want them to be."

Billy Brail—U. OF BRIDGEPORT, CO-ED—"I feel that social life is just as important to college students as studies as far as getting a well-balanced education is concerned. Because a co-ed school offers more social

opportunity and still calls for the required amount of studying for college level, I am not sorry that I chose this type of school."

Dick Scullary—CARNEGIE TECH, CO-ED—"No, I'm not sorry I chose a co-ed school. What's a school without girls?"

Ruth Henderson—U. OF MASS.—"I'm not sorry. You are going to live with people all of your life—not just all boys or all girls, and being with people on your own is an education in itself. Also, at a non-co-ed school unhealthy and undesirable cliques are apt to form out of lack of nothing better to do, and the many activities of a co-ed school discourage this."

Henrie Haidak—SMITH, NON-CO-ED—"Smith has both fine academic standards and good social life. Since we date mainly on weekends, Smith has a casual relaxed atmosphere during the week—with much studying. The weekend brings a different country, considerably depopulated by the exodus to other colleges—which wouldn't occur at a co-educational school. Sometimes we miss male stimulation in our classes; other times we don't miss their distracting presence. It's hard to say, actually, because you lose some things and gain others. Then, there are some schools, such as Harvard and Radcliffe, where you will find a good compromise."

Sandy Martinelli—N. A. STATE, CO-ED—"I find the atmosphere here very pleasant, and I really don't feel that the male distraction is great enough to interfere with class attention or outside studying. I am quite satisfied with my choice."

Kirk Leslie—U. OF MASS.—"Attending a co-ed school, I feel, builds character. Social life is available, but it does not predominate over the academic life."

Louis Pia—U. OF MASS.—“The only thing I regret is the fact that because I didn't study in high school I am finding college work so difficult! As for whether I am sorry that I chose a co-ed school, I can't say that I am. If a person puts his mind to it and strives for good grades, he will not let the social atmosphere of a co-ed school interfere with his studies. I do feel, however, that a non-co-ed school is much more conducive to studying—after all—sometimes the temptation to attend campus functions is very strong!”

DAFFY DEFINITIONS

By Karen Canfield, '59

Seniors always hurry,
Foreheads creased with worry,
Loaded down with books.

Juniors live in ease,
Classes are a breeze,
(Well, that's how it looks).

Sophomores are “dozey”,
And usually nosy,
Wondering, “what cooks”?



“Excuse me, fellas! I have to get into my locker.”

CONGRATULATIONS!

Congratulations are in order for the following graduates of Pittsfield High.

NANCY SHEA, '56—Nancy was chosen queen of the Park College festival weekend.

LOUIE BOOS, '58—Louie was recently elected president of his dormitory at Brown.

JULEE RUSSO, '58—Julee has been elected Treasurer of the Freshman Class at Rhode Island School of Design.

MIKE MOLE AND KIRK LESLIE, '58—Both Mike and Kirk are doing an outstanding job on the U. of M. Frosh basketball team.

CONFUSED CLICHES

Can you unscramble these wise sayings?

Honesty is another man's poison.

Practice as handsome does.

All that glitters must pay the piper.

One man's meat is sweet.

It takes a thief before you leap.

Those who dance flock together.

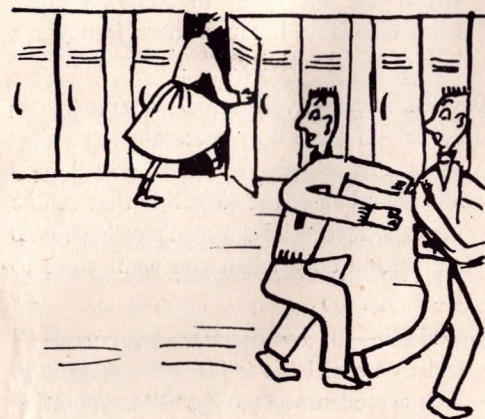
Revenge is not gold.

Birds of a feather is the best policy.

Look to catch a thief.

Handsome is what you preach.

(See Answers on Page 29)



MEET THE FACULTY

MR. ANTHONY MASULAITIS

Mr. Masulaitis is a member of the math department. He teaches physics also, because, “it's interesting. I think it's one of the best subjects a student can take.” He enjoys P.H.S. very much and thinks the students are very well behaved, “no trouble at all.” He has a degree in engineering but “got side-tracked” and is glad he did. Mr. Masulaitis is interested in baseball.



Miss Miss Reynolds, who, although new to Pittsfield High School, is fast becoming a familiar figure to all. Fresh out of college, Miss Reynolds is a diligent teacher of Sophomore and Junior English. When asked why she chose teaching as a career, she replied that her interests, English and History, aren't adaptable to many other occupations.

Miss Reynolds is an ardent sports fan, and enjoys jazz, especially Dixieland. I'm sure that we all welcome her to Pittsfield High School.



MR. CHAPDELAIN

Voici Monsieur Chapdelaine, a newcomer to P.H.S. who likes it very much, and already is a familiar figure in the building.

Listening to music is one of his favorite hobbies, and because of this, he has a well-stocked record collection. Mr. C. also plays the accordion, sings, and is a skilled person in pantomime. Dancing is his chief crave, however; his favorites being anything in the South American style.

“The Berkshires are great,” he agrees, “and I enjoy all of its activities, but I'd rather be in the South for this cold season!”



WHO'S WHO



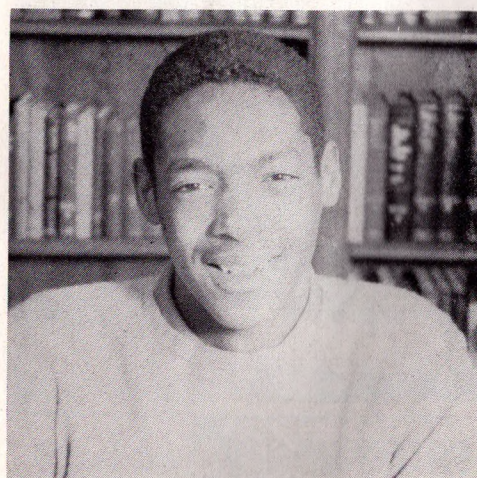
JUDY GENEST AND NANCY YEATS

Judy Genest and Nancy Yeats are the co-editors of the School Notes. Judy, an active C.P. senior, has, for the past two years, been an officer of the Cadettes. She is a member of Pep Club, the G.A.A., and has served on the election committee.

Nancy, equally as active, is a member of the band, both homeroom representative and treasurer, and a member of the election committee, and of the yearbook staff. In her junior year she served on the Junior Class Council, and was co-chairman of the ticket committee for the Junior Prom.

WILLY GREEN

A senior, well known to all of us as a varsity basketball player, is Willy Green. In addition to basketball, he enjoys working on his '51 Ford. His favorites include English and track. When he graduates, Willy hopes to enter the service, the Air Force, if possible. Good luck for a happy and successful future!



ELAINE BERNARDO

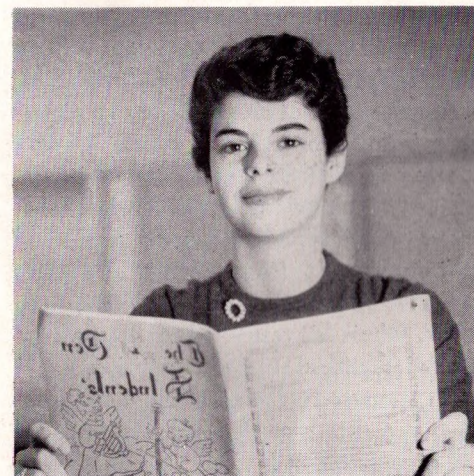
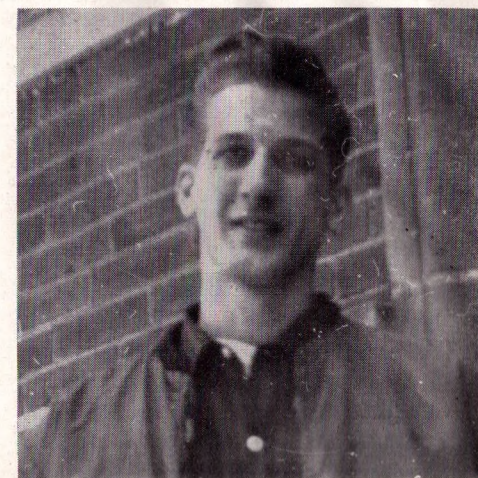
One of the many busy members of the senior class is Elaine Bernardo. A homeroom representative and co-editor of the features staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN, she is also a member of the Pep Club. Elaine plans on entering the University of Massachusetts next September and majoring in a science, probably physics.



WHO'S WHO

FRED PLOUFFE

A familiar face at Pittsfield High is that of Fred Plouffe. A popular senior, Fred is captain of the school hockey team and the treasurer of his homeroom. Now he is learning cabinetmaking in the Vocational course. Fred is undecided about his future, but he will probably enter the service after graduation.



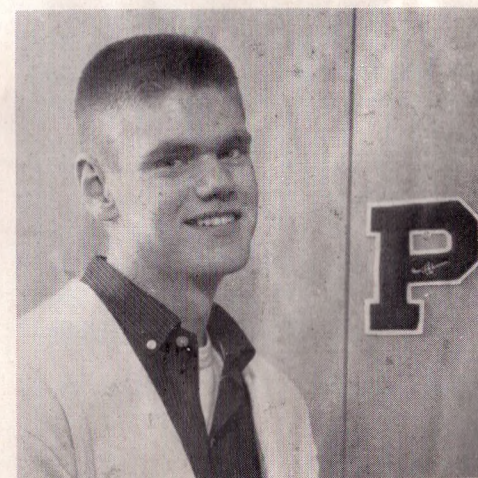
MAXINE KOMMIT

This year, as in the past, affable Maxine Kommit has a busy schedule. This includes being a member of Choraleers, and homeroom treasurer in her Junior and Senior years. This year, Maxine is Editor of Statistics for the yearbook, a member of the Christmas Card Committee, and a homeroom representative. Junior year she was chairman of the reception committee for the Junior Prom and on the advertising staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN.

FRED COX

Meet Fred Cox, an active college preparatory senior, who has been a member of the P.H.S. basketball team for three years, and is now the captain. Included among Fred's many activities are being president of the Student Council, a member of Senior Hi-Y, homeroom representative, and Senior Class Council, co-chairman of the cap and gown committee. Last year he was president of the junior class.

Fred's plans for the future include college, possibly Brown or Annapolis.



BOYS' SPORTS

INTRODUCING THE VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

Let's take a brief look at our team to understand it and to find out why it does what it does. No team can amount to anything if it doesn't have the proper coaching staff—so first on our list is Coach Frank Moynihan, a fine new addition to our coaching staff, who is competently equipped to overcome the hindrances which stand in the way of the team's objective—success.

Captain Freddie Cox is one of the many greats from P.H.S., standing 6 ft. 5 in., he is able to "mix it up" under the backboards well enough to stop many threats to Pittsfield victory. Freddie's shooting eye is also above reproach, as Freddie's average points per game stand in the middle twenties.

Next comes Willie Green, a two-year veteran, standing 6 ft. 2 in., who does a spectacular job of tallying up points as well as clearing the backboard. Willie's spirit and drive make him a menace to all opponents on the court.

Wherever there's any action you'll always find Mike Zorbo. Mike is the team's playmaker and is generally "in on everything." He possesses an uncanny talent for calling a play ahead of time and acting accordingly, as many of you have witnessed when an opposing team tries to employ a "fast-break" after a foul shot.

Walt McHendry and Bob Butler don't usually reach the upper scoring brackets but help move that ball into scoring position. Both have moved up from Junior Varsity berths this year and, although their experience is limited, show promise of things to come.

The "sixth man" on the team, as we all

know, is Al Pigott. Al transferred from St. Joe two years ago and was ineligible to play last year. He has been at the top of Coach Moynihan's list for substitutes and is sometimes found in the starting lineup.

We have not listed all the members of the team for space is lacking; however, if it were possible their names would be heralded from the highest point.

Yes, fellow students, our team is good and we should be happy and proud to have boys like them representing our school at all times.

BASKETBALL COACH

The departure of Coach Hickey to assume the principalship of Pomeroy School left a huge gap in Pittsfield High's staff, which has been ably filled by Mr. Frank Moynihan, A former teacher at North Junior High, Mr. Moynihan came to Pittsfield High after three successful years at Stockbridge Preparatory School, where his teams led the league once and twice finished in second position.

No stranger to Pittsfield High, our new coach is a native of Pittsfield and attended P.H.S., graduating in 1940. He excelled in basketball, his only sport, and was captain in his senior year. He was a member of several prominent semi-pro teams during the 1940's and also participated in the sport while serving in the Army. Mr. Moynihan attended Sienna College where he played on the basketball team, graduating in 1951. He has been an active sports official, "refing" many Berkshire County games.

Thus far Coach Moynihan has shown a preference for the man-for-man type of defense although he also has taught the familiar zone and a novel semi-zone defensive pattern.

The team's offense is geared to utilize fully the talents of Captain Fred Cox. Although the squad looked a little shoddy at first while learning the new systems, it has now shown its full potential and is working well as a unit. Under the fine guidance of their experienced new mentor the P.H.S. hoopsters can't help but go all the way.

J.V. BASKETBALL

The P.H.S. Junior Varsity is off to another fine start this year. Under the able coaching of its new mentor, Charles DeLeo, the J.V. team (mostly sophomores) has achieved six wins against a single loss. Since the J.V. players will make up the varsity in future years, their fine record is tangible evidence that Pittsfield High will continue to turn out champion teams in the Northern Berkshire League.

Members of the starting team are Tom Gagne and Dave Giddings, forwards; Dave Jacobs, center; and Billy Nagleschmidt and Gary "Red" Soldato, guards. Keep up the good work, fellows!

SKI TEAM

Pittsfield High is one of the few public schools in this area which is fortunate enough to have a ski team. The team got under way in November and spent the first two months getting in shape. Under the supervision of Coach Benedetti, who has worked very hard with the team, we hope to have a successful year. The state forest, used as the team's home area, provides for the four events: slalom, downhill, cross-country and jumping. The members of the team this season are Bruce Barnet, Paul Marchand, Paul Schofield, Evan Hendricks, Tom Clark, Jerry Middlebrook, Bill Seely, Tom Veranka, Pete Foss, Pete Marchand, and Sam Schmicker.

Exchanges

Each month we receive many magazines from different high schools throughout the country. Since it would be impossible to print all the good material contained in these magazines, we have selected a few items from various schools for your enjoyment.

From *The Red and Black*, Newport, R. I. comes *A Hockey Player's Prayer*—

Every time I pass a church,
I always pay a visit;
So when at last I'm carried in
The Lord won't say, "Who is it?"

From *The Red and Black* again—

Teenager coming home from dance to mother: "Roger was the life of the party—that gives you an idea of how dull it was."

The Harpoon, New Bedford, Mass., sends us this rhyme:

Not dark of night, nor sodden ground,
Stays him on his appointed round.
He tramps through rain and sleet and hail,
To bring me someone else's mail!

And *the Academic Observer of Utica*, N. Y., lends us the idea for these—

Jerry B: "I've done this problem twelve times."

Mr. Herrick: "Good boy."

Jerry: "And here are the twelve answers."

Answers to Confused Cliches

Honesty is the best policy.
Practice what you preach.
All that glitters is not gold.
One man's meat is another man's poison.
It takes a thief to catch a thief.
Those who dance must pay the piper.
Revenge is sweet.
Birds of a feather flock together.
Look before you leap.
Handsome is as handsome does.

GIRLS' SPORTS

G.A.A. NOTES SOPHS ADDED

Welcome and congratulations to two sophomores who have been added to the G.A.A. staff. Marie Cimini has been appointed a board member and Barb Koza an associate member.

PIZZA PARTY

At the G.A.A. Pizza Party 62 members ate 46 pizzas and three cases of soda. A season ticket to the basketball games was won by Diane Pullar, '60. Congratulations, Diane!

BASKETBALL CLINIC

The G.A.A. basketball clinic, held on January 15, was conducted by Miss Maids Riggs of the University of Massachusetts. There were about 100 teachers and teammates from all over the county present. G.A.A. staff members helped her to illustrate her talk. The Wisconsin Criss-Cross was beautifully executed several times with many variations by Penny Fall, Cherie Goyette, and Mo Connolly.

ICE CAPADES

Ten G.A.A. girls went by bus to the Ice Capades. Accompanied by Miss Mac and Miss Willis, the lucky ten were Jane Vogel, Penny Fall, Carolyn George, Barb Trzcinka, Evie Ferraro, Kay Reagan, Mo Connolly, Carol Overbaugh, Pat Pellows, and Linda Castagnetti. The girls all had a wonderful time.

IN SPACE

Future G.A.A. plans include a skating party, a bowling party, a swimming party, a basketball play day, and a Valentine dance.

VOLLYBALL

Well, the games are over, the scores are in, and the seniors have done it again. The snappy seniors won every game they played to discourage completely any junior and sophomore hopes of winning. The senior aces were Penny Fall, Pat Leahey, Pat Benoit, Ursula Pytko, Co-captains Carolyn George and Cherie Goyette, Carol Safford, Barb Trzcinka, Pat Pellows, and Joyce Borden. On the junior team were Mo Connolly, Bev Brent, Bev Search, Kay Reagan, Co-captains Pam Sloper and Donna Arpante, Kathy Lancia, Barb Quay, Myra Henneborn, Linda Castagnetti, Rosalie Krol, and Emily Logan. The sophs were represented by Lorraine Rilla, Co-captains Marie Cimini and Gayle Root, Mary Arpante, Judy Martino, Lucille Rohlf, Linda Rohlf, Jean Albertazzi, Ann Gogan, and Barb Koza.

The schedule follows:

Mon. Jan. 5—Junior 22—Senior 40
Tues. Jan. 6—Junior 42—Sophomore 15
Wed. Jan. 7—Sophomore 30—Junior 31
Thurs. Jan. 8—Junior 17—Senior 41
Friday Jan. 9—Senior 32—Sophomore 23

BOWLING

Bowling has started again and there are 44 organized teams taking part. On these 44 teams are 264 girls, a tremendous number. We are certainly proud to have such a large number of girls taking part in our athletic program. Teams are composed of six members each. They roll at Pastime alleys. Medals and trophies will be awarded to the high teams and a roll-off will be held to determine the high single bowler. Mo Connolly is the defending champion.

FEBRUARY, 1959

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SCATTERED CHATTER

"Sneakers, sneakers, who has my size sneakers?" This cry was raised by a rather embarrassed gym teacher at county Sports Day. The short, pleasant, grey-haired, Scotch teacher forgot the sneakers which she needed to play in the Northern-Southern Teacher's game. Thanks to one of the girls, she was able to play and help the team to victory. Neither would disclose the size of the sneakers.

Help! Someone forgot to tell Judy Allen how to bowl! And Judy seems to think that you slide down the alley and push the pins down yourself, after being careful not to hit them with the ball. A casual observer might call Judy's bowling a "flop". But, Judy, we know your method must be pretty effective, because you've been getting pretty good scores.

Mo Connolly would like a pair of sunglasses. She was the first to see Miss Mac's dazzling new red uniform. The change from the subdued blue to the perky red was so startling that it took Mo quite a while to recover. After the initial shock, however, Mo admits that the new color certainly helps to brighten up the gym and is quite becoming to you, Miss Mac.

Any dieters in the audience? Donna Daly was once, but she stepped on the scales in gym and found that she weighed . . . Nothing! Donna's diet was so unsuccessful that she broke the scales! Or could the fact that someone hit the scales with a volleyball have something to do with it? Anyway, after the girls had been weighed, they were so pleased to find they had lost weight, the ice cream sales at the cafeteria slumped for the rest of the week.

Marie Cimini, Barba Koza, and Ellen Knickerbocker have been practicing cheerleading (?) in the gym during their basketball practice, much to the amusement of their fellow Sophs and much to the embarrassment of any cheerleaders who were so unlucky as to be present for the "Steve Allen" variety of the P.H.S. cheerleaders.

ROUND ROBIN

Round Robin has begun, a prelude to the basketball games. The teams, coached and captained by seniors, will play eleven games each. After this the best players in each class will be selected for the class teams.

SPORTS DAY

Pittsfield High was well represented at All-County Sports Day, held at Mt. Everett Regional High in Sheffield. Sixteen girls took part in the volleyball tournament and P.H.S. won every game. Congratulations, girls! Those who participated were Donna Arpante, Sandy Cook, Mo Connolly, Kay Reagan, Pam Sloper, Judy Fee, Penny Fall, Donna Daly, Linda Castagnetti, Carolyn George, Marie Cimini, Barb Koza, Sandy Choquette, Ursula Pytko, and Joyce Borden. Representing P.H.S. on the Northern Berkshire All-Stars were Penny Fall and Carolyn George. They played excellently and also won this game. The girls looked very sharp in the G.A.A. sweatshirts.

CADETTE VARIETY SHOW

The second annual Cadette Variety Show was presented on January 21. The proceeds of over \$360 went to the Cadettes' Scholarship Fund. The varied talent, which included singing, dancing, baton twirling, a comedy routine, and instrumental entertainment, was well received by a large and enthusiastic audience. Participating in the program were: Jay La Plante, Charles Christopher, Kerstin Johnson, Kay Reagan, Sharon Posner, Karen Canfield, Bob Guerrina, the Richmonds, Clair Lipton, Diane Wicker, Dick Bolster, the Harmonettes, and, of course, the Cadettes. Claudia Taylor and Bob Guerrina accompanied on the piano, and Cherie Goyette was in charge of stage props. Miss "Mac" and all those who took part in the program are to be congratulated for their fine work which made the variety show a tremendous success.

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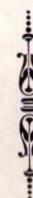
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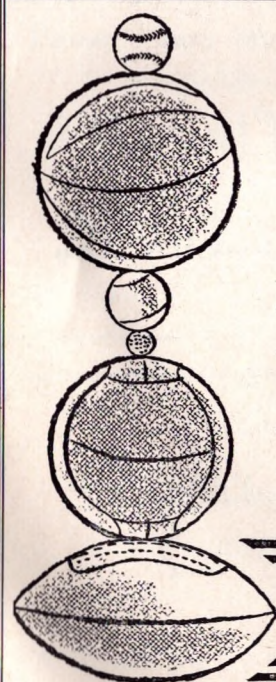


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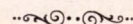
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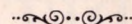
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